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ceptibly to be weaving itself over the surface, lending a peculiar charm to the entire effect like that of the patina on some fine old bronze statue. Jeffery has expressed charmingly his appreciation of this kind of horticulture. He says "Stone walls are not left without a fringe on the hardest brick; on the sapless tiles, on slates stone-crop takes hold and becomes a cushion of yellow bloom. Nature is a miniature painter and handles a delicate brush, the tip of which touches the tiniest spot and leaves something living."

The wall itself, in all that goes to make a wall beautiful, was at this stage well-nigh complete and finished. One thing more, however, it was felt was needed to give a proper setting to its unquestionable attractions, and that was wild flowers—perennials growing at its foot, a touch of life to relieve the edge or border of the wall, something homely in the best sense, something that might be expected to grow naturally of itself in such surroundings. The wild flowers selected were not tall-growing and thus liable to obscure the wall, but so chosen as to present a variety of flower and leaf throughout the season. In the narrow strip of earth along the stone work were many of the dwarfer ferns, the sensitive, the gossamer, spleenwort and others. Many saxifrages and primroses were found here, and daffodils, blood-root, "babies' breath," irises of various sorts and

day lilies, also bluebells, corn-flowers, sea-lavender, pinks, meadow-sweet, anemones, milkweed and goldenrod and the poet's narcissus. Between these flowers, in many places, seed vessels and stems of the golden moss (*Sedum acre*) have fallen from the mother plant to the ground from the crevices of the wall above and covered the bare, dark earth with a yellowish green carpet.

Another beautiful feature of the scene is the greensward, the sweetest bit of Nature that God's sun shines upon, clear, unmitigated greensward, fretted not "with the eternal havoc of the sodden leaves, rotting the floors of autumn," but cleaned and tended in the most solicitous way. Nearly twenty-seven centuries ago Sappho wrote of the delight "of treading on the fine, soft bloom of the grass." One has the same feeling now on moving along the border of this wall, where a wide way of perfect turf unmarred by gravel walk or curb offers its velvety surface to embrace the far-reaching shadows of the bordering purple maples. Here indeed, it may be said, abides the true home of Wordsworth's

Violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

Samuel Parsons

## BALLADE DES BELLES MILATRAISSES

NEW ORLEANS 1820-1860

'Tis the Octoroon Ball and the halls are alight!

The music is playing an old-time "Galop,"

The women are "fair" and the cavaliers white. . .

(Play on, fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow)  
*Cocodrie! Cocodrie!* what strange shadows you throw

Along the dark street on the door barred to you!  
Light *les belles Milatraisses* with your lantern, and go!

*Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est pas zaffaire à tou!*

The music grows madder! the ball's at its height:

For frail beauty and kisses it's hey! and it's ho!

These women are fair, for an hour, a night,

(Play on, fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)

And for all dull to-morrows, to-night who'd forego?

The music grows madder! they flee and pursue!—

*Cocodrie*, in the dark how your sombre eyes glow!

*Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est pas zaffaire à tou!*

They are ready and eager to love or to fight!

Hot blood is aflame and the red wine aflow!

These women are theirs! who dare question their right?

(Play on, fiddler-man, keep your hands on your bow!)

Who prowls there, outside, in the dark, to and fro

To and fro, by the door that he may not pass through?—

*Cocodrie!* you mad slave! you won death by that blow!—

Play on! *Trouloulou, c'est pas zaffaire à tou!*

Envoi

THE CONVENT—1900

This dim-tapered chapel! These forms bending low!  
(Fiddler-man of the past, is this Dirge from your bow?)

Are they black-hooded ghosts of the dancers we knew

On their knees at the last—"zaffaire c'est pas à tou"?

Rosalie M. Jonas

NOTE.

The "Octoroon Balls" took place in a handsome old building in the Creole quarter of New Orleans. This same building in later days has been turned into a Catholic convent.

*Milatraisse* was the generic term for all that class: the freed or free-born octoroon or quadroon woman.

*Cocodrie* (meaning in Spanish *cocodrilla*, the crocodile) was the nickname for the unmixed black-man who lighted *les belles Milatraisses* through the dark narrow streets by the rays of his hand-lantern; but was not allowed to go further than the door of the hall.

*Trouloulou* was applied to the free male octoroon or quadroon who could find admittance to these balls only in the capacity (in those days distinctly menial) of musician, fiddler.

R. M. J.